

B E D L A M.

1607/1713

A

P O E M

O N H I S

M A J E S T Y's

Happy Return from his Ger-
man Dominions.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Lord Flame, at Hurlothrumbo's
Head, in the Strand. 1741.



The PRINTER to the READER.

THESE Verses were put into my Hands, by one who thought them something of a Curiosity in their kind, and told me, that if I would print them, they might possibly afford some little Amusement to the Publick, as being written in that wild, odd Style and Manner, which is not common to be met with, either in Poetry or Prose. He assured me they were genuine, and that the Author, whom he knows, is really disordered in his Intellect, and has many strange Flights and Rovings of Imagination in all his Discourse, which is often incorrect, unequal and incoherent, and full of an Excess in the Sublime. He affects a Poetical Stile in almost all he says, and frequently diverts himself with scribbling of Verses; many Copies of which this Gentleman has seen; and met with these the other Day, which were begun to be written upon hearing the Guns fire at the Tower, on the Occasion of his Majesty's Return. If the Author was not too mad, he might perhaps make a tolerable Poet; for, I think it is generally allowed, that some degree of Madness is necessary to a Poetical Imagination.

The Reader may be assured, that there has not been an Alteration of the least Word made in the Copy; nothing being done to it but the Pointing, which his Genius thought too trifling to take Notice of. I am told he appears very happy in this lively,
intoxicated

intoxicated State of his Understanding ; if so, 'tis almost a pity Dr. Monro should degrade him into the low Sphere of dull, sober Thinking, which very often deadens the Spirits, pall the Taste of Gaiety and Pleasure, and lays a Foundation for Anxiety and Uneasiness.

There is this good Quality in these Writers, that their Expressions are their Sentiments, and that therefore it can be no Disparagement to the highest Merit to be justly extoll'd by them, it being much better to have a deserved Compliment from an honest Madman, than a flattering Knave, who has no other Meaning in what he says, than the Promotion of his Interest, which this Author is above thinking of ; and is therefore in no Expectation of Post or Pension.

BEDLAM.



B E D L A M.

A

P O E M.

WHAT mean these loud Aerial Cracks
I hear?

* Slumps after Slumps, that shake
my trem'lous Ear?

Zounds! they're the Tow'r † Bombardments
that disgorge

Their roaring Thunders for returning G — ge,
Thro' fugient Skies they drive the swift-wing'd
Sound,

And tell th' important Tale to Regions round.

Ye, who bade Safety go, and guard his Way,
All Thanks to you, immortal Pow'rs, we pay.

* A suppos'd favourite coin'd Word of the Author's.

† A Word not foreign to his Style.

B

With

With mirthful Hearts, and most melodious
Voice,

Reviv'd and cheer'd, *Britannia's* Sons rejoice ;
And scarce the Torrent of their Transports
bear,

Now they've got safe their Royal Master here.

Halloo! Who's there? Haste, quick, you
Dog! prepare

Pens, Ink, and Tables, Papers and a Chair :

I'm forming the grand Panegyric Plan,

And *Albion's* mighty Monarch is the Man ;

And while of G—ge, and G—ge's Deeds I
sing,

I'll spread the Feathers of a fearless Wing.

Milton and *Dryden* I disdain to name ;

Nor deem it Glory to out-burn their Flame :

Nor with *Dan. Pope* a Tune I'd deign to try,

For with low Lyres, loud Trumpets scorn to
vie.

I'll mount with Pinions that ne'er soar'd before,

Stronger than those my Brother *Pindar* bore ;

When he, the bold *Dircaan* Swan did fly,

Tow'ring thro' loftiest Tracts of th'azure Sky.

Hark! how the burning Dog-star raves, and
barks ;

Come down, ye bending Skies, and bring me
Larks ;

I'll have them roasted on a String by Dozens,

And ask to sup ——— my loving Friends and
Cousins.

But stay, rash Muse ; nor start thou thus
aside :

No more, let devious Fancy's Fires misguide.

This



This Day, great *Phæbus*, in his Car of Fire,
To's Western Waves reluctant will retire :
For, hark ! — he tells me, he'd fain stop his
Flight,

And shine in Compliment to *G—ge* all Night.
But that by Heaven's Eternal Lords he's bound
To walk the World with restless Circuits
round.

Since he's thus destin'd, let the God be
gone,

We'll strive to emulate the Flaming Sun ;
Nay, we'll surpass the Etherial House of *Jove*,
And light more Fires below, than he above.

Help, Goddess ! help me ; one bright Line
inspire ;

“ Our Fronts of Houses shall be Walls of Fire.

Come ! once again, my weary Fancy raise ;

“ The Midnight Gloom shall turn to Noon-day
Blaze.

While Rockets mount to tell the Stars, *He's*
come ;

Such Light, great *Paul* ! shall pour upon thy
Dome ;

That Countries round with stupid Eyes shall
stare,

To see thy tow'ring Temple shine so fair

Thro' the night flaming, elemental Air.

I.

Mad *Phæton* once, like a Fool,
Requested of *Phæbus*, his Sire,

That he but one *Journey* might rule,
And ride the red Chariot of Fire.

II.

E're *Phœbus* did grant his Demand,
 He warn'd him the Danger to thun;
 But *Phaton* ventur'd his Hand,
 Tho' too feeble to govern the Sun.

III.

The Reins he let go, says old Fame,
 For his Horses his Words would not hear;
 And had like to've set Earth all on Flame,
 But that *Jove* knock'd him down in's Career.

IV.

For to save these our mortal Abodes,
 He was Thunder-struck plung'd in the Stream
 Of *Eridanus*, King of the Floods,
 Which of *Po* bears, at present, the Name.

But why, my Genius, this excursive Strain?
 Let Paths more regular thy Rage restrain.
 And when great *G—ge* is thy all-glorious
 Theme,
 Know, 'tis not decent to digress, and dream.

I.

A God to be esteem'd,
Salmoneus, madly vain,
 With impious Boldness deem'd
 That, great as *Jove*, he'd reign.

While

II.

While o'er a Bridge of Brass,
His rattling Chariot drove,
And his Lamps wav'd, this As
Believ'd he rival'd *Jove*.

III.

But *Jove* soon made him know,
To Mortals 'tis not giv'n
To imitate here below
The Sounds and Flames of Heav'n.

IV.

Jove's real Bolts arrive,
(As *Grecian* Fables tell)
And, fir'd with Vengeance, drive
The miscreant Dog to Hell.
Again these Rovings ! Can *these* Flights Con-
cord
With the bright Praises of your *Royal Lord* ?
Who, far from e'er aspiring to be God,
Himself still humbles for his Subjects Good —
— Nothing more true ; but how cou'd Man
forbear
Raving a-while, to *Sirius* when so near ?
For, saw you not, how, as we passed him by,
He on me star'd with a tremendous Eye,
Glaring with fiery Fierceness ? Hence it came
That mad *Salmon* was my thoughtless Flame.
I'm thinking now that *Pr — si — a's* Prince
I'll sing,
And bear that recent Monarch on my Wing.

Right

Right : — 'Tis not foreign to brave G — ge's
Praise,

To tune a-while his *Nephew* in thy Lays
When he at first went forth with all his War,
To mount him in *Silesia's* Ducal Car ;
He's sure, I said, in some delirious Fit,
With mad-brain-making *Luna's* Influence emit,
For, in all sober Reas'ning, what the Devil
Should make him thus to's Sister Queen uncivil.
'Tis plain, old *Fl —*'s Fancies must inspire
These flaming Deeds, to set the World on Fire :
But, Heav'n ! we praise thee, G — ge's piercing
Sight

The Schemes has blasted of that wicked Wight.
G — ge, from his hidden Depths of Wisdom,
saw

'Twas not the Time his fervid Blade to draw ;
Therefore, to make the Globe in Peace repose,
He served no Friend, and disoblig'd no Foes.
Had he done either, Tempests had been hurl'd,
And cruel *Mars* had rag'd around the World.
'Tis Frenzy, not true Fire, that dares oppose
Th' ever pow'ring Forces of superior Foes ;
And Fancy, then, as wildly wings her Flight,
As when she led th' illustrious *Errant Knight*,
In the high Fervors of his Blood to kill
A huge, enormous Giant, — a Wind-mill.

'Tis not such Brav'ry, Armies to engage,
As to repress, and still Man's rising Rage ;
To force the headstrong *Horse within* to yield,
Is higher Conquest, than to heap the Field
With Carcasses of Millions of the Slain,
And swell with human Blood the Torrent Plain.

What

What ! must th' immortal *Monarch* war
alone?

Behold his *natal*, dear Dominions gone,
And perhaps, trembling, his *Britannick* Throne.
None sure, but Ideots Brain's, can e'er suppose
A King, thus madly firing on his *Foes* :
And, while Perdition's dreadful Mouth gapes
wide,

Leaping design'dly in, to be destroy'd
To've aided *Madam Hung'ry* with his Arms,
Had op'd a *Source* to've spread more fatal
Harms ;

While *She* th' *exeremest* Danger cou'd not shun,
And would have, thus, been *totally* undone.

G—*ge* is an exhausted *Theme* of Praise ;
His *Schemes* how wondrous, and how wise his
Ways !

His Wisdom, strongest Guardian of his Reign,
Might almost make his *Naval* *Thunders* vain ;
And of *itself* pull down the Pride of *Spain*.
'Tis *this*, that guileful *Gallia* best shall rule,
And make both *K*—*g*, and *C*—*I* a *Fool*.

'Tis *this*, says smiling *Fame*, shall lead the Way
For *D*—*B*—*a* to the Imperial *Sway* ;
'Tis *this* shall direful Discord cause to cease,
And lull the weary World to Rest and Peace.

That, in these *sober* Numbers, thus I sing
Th' univall'd Wisdom of *Britannia's* King,
Impute to this soft, temp'rate, purple *Sky*,
Where, *fearless* that our Wings shou'd burn, we
fly ;

Tho' we've oft fear'd it, since this *Flight* we
rais'd

While, where we flew, ten thousand *Suns* have
blaz'd.

But

(12)

But now 'tis time to measure back the Way,
We've voyag'd thro' this vast *Etherial Sea*.
Goddeſs! be thou my Guide, be thou mine
 Eye,
My little, native, diſtant World to ſpy,
Compar'd to what *we've ſeen*, in truth no more
Than the leaſt Grain upon the ſandy *Shore*.

F I N I S.



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